

KRS-One Lyrics

"P" Is Still Free"

Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight
Just a little somethin for the Jeep
Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started
Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version
Comin up to 1993
Of course, Premier on the beat
Now check it out

The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer
But look what she did, she went and had a kid - no dad
And just released her ass out the rehab
You think she'd act like she don't know
She's still a hoe, but umm check my man for the show
"Hiiiii, DJ K-R-S"
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up!
She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!"
And went and got some other girl schemin for crack
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about
I hit the ac-celerator and I was out!
I never check my man but I knew the plan
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze
Crazy girls - and wall to wall MC's
I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast
I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise
She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!"
I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY
She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time, on this '93 beat

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I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy

But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"
I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

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[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!"]

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'
yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'
yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'
but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop
But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye
In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT!
We come to rock you whether you black or you white
Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style

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[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions"]

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